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EDITORS.—*Mu Sigma Rho*, B. S. REDD, A. J. DICKINSON; *Philologian*, E. B HATCHER. E. P. LIPSCOMB.

BUSINESS MANAGER.—R. C. HUBBARD.

[Translation from Horace.]

TO PYRRHA.

I.

What youth, with many a floweret crowned,
With liquid odors perfumed sweet,
With love-suits presses thee around,—
O Pyrrha, in thy soft retreat?
For whom dost loose thy yellow hair?

II.

Plain in thy neatness! If he waits,—
How oft, at faith soon broken, will
He weep, and sigh at fitful fates!
And, all unused, with wonder 'll fill
At seas grown rough 'neath storm-dark air,—

III.

He, who so now enjoys thee fast,
With sweet thought of thy constancy!
Who, ignorant of the trustless blast,
Hopes thou from foreign loves art free,
Believing thou art all he craves.

IV.

Ah, wo 's for those to whom untried
Thou show'st thy charms! The temple, set
With votive tablets on its side,
Proves *I* have offered vestments wet
Unto great Neptune of the waves.

CLINTON.

READING.

"A man is known by the company he keeps" is an old and faithful saying; but *company* should be extended beyond what is commonly recognized as its limits: there is a companionship of books as well as of men; then we may change the wording to this particular case. A man is known by the books he reads, aye, more by the books he loves to read. As one should always seek the companionship of the best of his fellows, so also should he seek the companionship of the best of books. A book may be as truly a friend or an enemy as a person. A friend, when it, winding about our heart, entering into our very veins, becoming a part of us, ennobles and beautifies our thoughts. The world of our thought encompasses the world of our life. Then only *good* books can be our friends, for they alone are capable of elevating our life, making it grander and nobler. Good and true thoughts often act as a guide and protector from the snares and devices of the tempter. They are always a sweet comfort to us in time of need; though all else have forsaken us, yet we have sweet recourse to them, making our lives happier and better here below.

Books always remain to us, they are monuments more lasting than brass or more enduring than stone. The tooth of time cannot deface the great thoughts therein embodied; they are as fresh to-day as when they were first expressed by their author. Time has only been the great sifter, setting apart the wheat from the chaff. To-day the living characters speak to us as plainly as they did when first they were penned. Reading brings us face to face with the greatest minds of the ages; we participate in their joys and in their trials, their experience becomes ours; we think their thoughts. We read Homer to-day,—Homer still lives Horace and Virgil sing as beautiful songs now, as of old. Would you to-day have a song, Horace "will sing you a beautiful song." Would you be joyful, Cervantes will make you laugh. Would you be sad, Jeremy Taylor

will grieve with you. To books we can turn for entertainment, instruction, comfort,—at all times,—in adversity and in prosperity, in gladness and in sorrow.

Truly has it been said that the best books are those which most resemble good actions. They are purifying and elevating, they enlarge the mind—in fact, they fashion and shape the mind. Then let us be careful what books we read, for we are choosing between cultivating and enlarging our mind and the reverse. Here we have a strong support of the study of the classics in our schools and colleges. Though we, as we spend the midnight oil poring over the *Iliad* or the *Æneid*, may not appreciate the benefit we are deriving, yet in after years we will say *it* was well. Classical studies give the highest finish to intellectual culture.

The great scholar Erasmus said: "Books are the necessaries of life and clothes the luxuries." He was known by the company he kept—his constant companion was Cicero, whom he read with great emotion, considering him as one a little short of inspired of God. The wise selection in reading has done much to advance and improve man. Thomas Hood says: "A natural turn for reading and intellectual pursuit preserved me from moral shipwreck, so apt to befall those who are deprived in early life of their parental pilotage. My books kept me from the ring, the dog-pit, the saloon. The closet associate with Pope and Addison, the mind accustomed to the noble though silent intercourse with Shakspeare and Milton, will hardly seek or put up with low company or slaves." St. Augustine was a profligate and abandoned sensualist until the reading of *Hortensius* set him on a course of inquiry and study which resulted in his becoming one of the greatest of the fathers of the early Church. What a bad choice of books has done and is doing, we have only to look around us and see evidences. Why does that student (?) sitting on the back bench, apparently so absorbed in his text-book, always answer "unprepared" to his professor? I have neither time nor space to go into the enumeration of evils brought about by low, trashy, and vulgar papers which are now flooding our land and corrupting our English tongue. The

moral influence of reading has always been felt upon the general civilization of mankind. By reading, we open the storehouses of knowledge of the human race; by it, we acquaint ourselves with the labors, achievements, successes, &c., in science, philosophy, and religion of every age. Rabelais in France and Cervantes in Spain, by using ridicule overthrew the dominion of monkery and chivalry. People read and then laughed, and felt reassured. So *Telemachus* appeared, and being read, recalled men to the harmonies of nature.

Now a word of warning: we may be wise in the selection of our authors, but we may carry reading too far; we may have our whole soul wrapped up in reading, and nothing else can satisfy us. We seek the companionship of books to the exclusion of friends. This must not be done; the best of things can be carried to excess. I would say with Wesley, "Beware you be not swallowed up in books; an ounce of love is worth a pound of knowledge." But ye calico men, always on the alert to take anything for an excuse for your do-nothing-ess, would seize at this—to you I say it would be more profitable during college days to calico less and read more. 'Bus.

THE DECLINE OF POETRY.

Whether or not the noblest of all arts is declining, cannot but be a question of interest. The poet has been reverenced in all ages. Is the day coming when men shall be compelled to look only to an inimitable past for a taste of poetic sweetness? Men love the poetic. The refined taste is enraptured by it, and by it even the uncultured are fascinated. Will poetry then vanish from the earth, and leave only a reverenced past, or will it remain with us a rich possession for all time? This brief sketch will attempt to show that poetry is not dying, that men have not ceased to love the beautiful, the sublime, the poetic.

It has been argued that some ages of the world have

been favorable, and others unfavorable to the development of poetry, and that our own age is one of those unfavorable to the development of this art. But if this age is unfavorable to the production of poetry, it is natural to inquire, why should it be so? Have not the events in human affairs been similar in all ages of the world? Can one point to a particular age, and say that that age gave birth to events that tickled the poet's fancy and that *this* did not, that this age made the fire of poesy glow warm in men's breasts, and *that* did not? This would be quite impossible. The principle of similarity and uniformity in the workings of nature is a most important one. It lies at the very basis of all our knowledge History is constantly repeating itself. Nature does not change. The all-wise Creator has so ordained it, that the course of human affairs and human dispositions have been uniform ever since the world was tossed from his hand and peopled by his handiwork.

Are not the soul's passions like they used to be? Cannot men of this age be stirred by the beautiful and the pathetic? Is the day of feeling gone? If not, the day of poetry still lives. As long as the soul shall be capable of emotion, the soul will be poetic. But when the soul shall have lost its feeling, its tenderness, then will men walk through the lovely earth unmindful of the beauties that are about them, then will men be cold-hearted and stern and poetry be forgotten.

We are told that the beauties of nature give inspiration to the poet. But nature is as lovely now as it has ever been. The birds sing as sweetly in the forest, the trees are as green, the flowers as fragrant and lovely, the same old sun that in time past mounted his chariot in the morning time, runs the same course with equal splendor.

That ours is an extremely practical age, has been the cause assigned for a great many of the faults of our times. It is the bread and meat of many an old fogy and vain theorist. He does not see but that this age has solely adopted and is hopelessly lost in the motto, "Business is business." He believes that everything which was in days

gone by, especially that which is delicate and good and pure, is being put to flight by stern, unfeeling practice. But can the practical nature of our times be rightly assigned as a reason why poetry will, ere long, be a thing of which only a past may boast? History shows us that ancient Rome was one of the most practical countries that ever existed. This, her conquests show; for by her prowess she conquered the world; her laws show the practical nature of her people, for the spirit which was embodied in them, lives in the code of every civilized country. Her laws have never been excelled. The language of the Romans shows that they were a practical people. The Latin proved itself the stronger in all of its linguistic conquests. The Greek language, with all its culture, could not withstand its power. Its adaptability to the needs of the people, made it the greatest language of the world. And it may even now be said with propriety that the Latin is a living language. Its strength is still felt in the languages of Europe and America. Was poetry wanting to ancient Rome? Let Horace, Virgil, Propertius, Catullus, and Ovid answer.

The history of France has shown her to be one of the least practical of all countries. Where is her poet that might rank with Virgil, or with Tennyson of our own time? Chaucer was the father of English poetry. But from whom did he obtain his grand ideas? whom did he imitate? Bocaccio, a citizen of Rome—that practical city. Few English poets have ever excelled Chaucer. It was not till he had gone to Rome, that his poetic genius became apparent. He returned to his native land and produced a poem that will live wherever and as long as the language itself remains in the recollection of men. Let us grant that this *is* a practical age. But does history confirm us in the conclusion that the practical country or practical age excludes the poet? Let us not believe that practice and progress are enemies to the Muses. *Let* men be engrossed in the arts and sciences, but why cannot man be poetic when art and science, together with nature, smile? There is *poetry* in improvement. There is music

in the engineer's shrill whistle as well as in the humming of the gentle forester, music in the splashing water-wheel as well as in the babbling of the chrystal brook; more music to the patriotic heart in the anvil's measured stroke than in the din of raging battle.

It is said that this age lacks the imaginative.

> "'The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
> Are of imagination all compact."

But are lunatics on the decrease? Alas, no. Are lovers decreasing? Ah, not yet. Then why should the poet, who is said to belong to the same category, be on the decline?

The fact that this age furnishes no man who has equalled Homer or Milton, does not prove that the day of poetry is passing away. "Three poets in three distant ages born," wrote Dryden. True it was. The ages in which the three great poets wrote were distant—distant from each other. About eight centuries elapsed between the day of Homer and the day of Virgil, and a much longer time between the day of Virgil and that of Milton. Poetry, like trade, has had its cycles of rise and depression. Great men live in groups or companies. Had we lived between the age of Virgil and that of Milton, we might have thought poetry was undoubtedly dying, because the poems that were being written were so far inferior to the *Æneid*. But after a lapse of time there arose a man who "England did adorn," whose masterpiece is excelled neither by the *Æneid* nor the *Iliad*.

But let us glance for a moment at a very few of our modern poets, and see whether they fall far below those who preceded them. Who does not admire and love to read Longfellow? The poetic sweetness and tenderness of his *Evangeline*, the characteristic beauty of *Hiawatha*, and the grandly touching truth in his *Psalm of Life*, captivates the reader. How true to nature is Longfellow. Whether recording the whisperings of love, or battles lost or won, man's voyage on the sea of trouble, or that blessed haven where all is peace and love, he is equally grand. That Longfellow's works have been translated into foreign

tongues, and that the foreign youth read them in the schools, attests the high esteem in which they are held even in other lands. Bryant, one of the sweetest of our American poets, ranks with the best writers of his mother-tongue. His poems are greatly admired. How grandly does he, when seated on his piazza one clear autumn evening, sing of the water-fowl, which he sees in the twilight winging its way to warmer climes, and from which he draws the sweet lesson—

> "He who from zone to zone,
> Guides thro' the boundless sky thy certain flight,
> In the way that I must take alone,
> Will guide my steps aright."

Tennyson, England's poet-laureate, ranks with the best writers of English verse. The *Princess, In Memoriam, Idyls of the King, Enoch Arden,* will live with the language. In the poem, *Charge of the Light Brigade,* Tennyson has not only immortalized himself, but that "Noble Six Hundred" who rode "e'en through shot and shell" into the "Valley of Death." And what shall I say of Poe, the sweetest of them all? How grand is *The Raven,* how it touches the very heart. See it, as it sits there, perched on the "Pallid bust of Pallas," with that one word, "Nevermore"! The reader, perhaps, is reminded of many fond hopes which have perished or joyous hours which have passed, that shall return "nevermore" in his experience, as Poe was reminded of that last one "whom the angels call Lenore." As we think of the author of this grand poem, taken away by the immature death caused by a dissipated life, how can we but deplore the folly of neglected opportunities?

I have mentioned only a few of our modern poets. But some say that the multitude of bad poets who fill some of our modern newspapers and weeklies with worthless rhymings, as a strong argument for the degeneracy of poetry. Few persons or things, we admit, are more pitiable than the second-rate poet.

> "I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,
> Than one of these same ballad-mongers;
> I had rather hear a canestick turned,
> Or a dry wheel grate on its axle tree."

It is true, a mean poem may make one feel uncomfortable; it is true, it may be "like the forced gait of a shuffling nag", yet this age is not alone able to boast of the mean poet. We know he was a great worry to Horace, if we may judge from some expressions in his satires. The age of Milton had its lesser lights. Those lesser lights! Who would not rather sit in darkness? Such poets have existed in all ages, and it can scarcely be said they are characteristic of this age.

No, this age will not see the death of poetry nor its decline. The youth who engages in childish sport at your side may become a Byron, or some blushing maid a Sappho. He or she, too, may awake some morn and find himself or herself famous. Time only must tell. Poetry cannot die. When the soul fails to beat responsive to the promptings of the right, the noble, and the good, then, and not till then, will its days be numbered. How many there are who walk the earth with melancholy step and slow, who murmur in their fogyism, "Times are not what they used to be; those good old days will never return"; and everything is going to destruction or to some place unknown, whence there is no returning. But let us not be among that number which believes that the world does not now contain even a trace of the good and pure, and that the good old times are gone, and have carried poetry with them; let us not be among those who cry "Ichabod," "Ichabod,"—the glory has departed; but let us rather give our voices for progress, upward and onward, in everything that elevates man and makes him better than the brute.

MALC.

DISTANCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT.

How enchanting the pleasures of the past seem! The disagreeable features which invariably accompany the pleasant ones, have long since been forgotten, and imagination has filled with pleasant ideals the blank made by their loss. When we look back to childhood's days of

frolic, it is not the bruised limbs, wounded feelings, and disappointed hopes of which we think; but it is the pleasures and triumphs of childhood, that form such a bright picture—so bright, indeed, sometimes, that we would fain turn back to its joys again. But if we were to find some "fountain of youth," and become a child again, we would discover that every joy was accompanied with sorrow and every triumph with failure. A poet, in describing a dream of the past, beautifully illustrated this idea when he said—

> "While memory stood sidewise half covered with flowers,
> And *restored* each *rose* and *secreted* each *thorn*."

When we hear the roar of falls, the mind hardly catches the sound before it flashes back to the cool spring that gurgles from the fern-clad earth. Fancy nurses upon the history of the little spring as it becomes the mighty river. It whirls, it dashes, it throws itself into spray; it is the home of aquatic beings. Yet Fancy regards not the slimy reptiles that glide with fiend-like motion through its waters, but feasts upon the silver-finned fish that sport in its sparkling ripples. The birds sing in the trees upon its banks, yet Fancy hears only the silver-throated thrush. Although the chirp of the robin is just as essential to nature's version of the scene as the song of the thrush, yet it is unknown to fancy. The popular idea of nature is not true nature, but Fancy's version of it, which brings into prominence only those features which please. It may be said to be true as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. Sir Walter Scott may be called a fair specimen of the so-called true painters of nature. It is said that he would take down minute descriptions of a landscape in order to paint nature in her true colors. Yet we are told afterwards, when he came to revise those descriptions for publication, he would strike out what he supposed to be defects in nature, and substitute that which was more in accordance with the rules of symmetry. Thus, being so accustomed to regard a fact in a different light from that in which all its characteristics are developed, we naturally regard a fact the outlines of which have become faint by

much usage, with less precision, and are satisfied with almost any form Fancy may give it. And as Fancy deals largely in pleasantries, those parts which it supplies, generally lend enchantment to the rest.

Seated within our room, gazing into the glowing fire upon the hearth, while the mantle of night shuts out the realties of life, we hear the rain rattling upon the roof and the wind howling without as if giving vent to some demon's rage. Then we fancy we hear it moan through some distant forest. So softly do the slender twigs and velvety leaves modulate the sound, it seems as the moan of the death angel summoning another spirit into eternity.

How much of our time is spent in contemplating our future! What intense pleasure it gives us to picture a bright future, and strange it is how seldom a disagreeable feature in all our planning enters one of them, yet between us and the realization of the future lies distance. We often, with a sigh, exclaim, "Oh! that this were a faster age!" Though this be an age in which extension is disregarded, in which a man in our own country converses with his fellow-man in our mother country regardless of the waves that lash themselves into foam between; yet would we crave that a man come forth proclaiming himself lord of discoverers by producing a medium by which a man of to-day can within a few seconds become the man of the twentieth century, so that he might immediately realize his hopes of that period. Yet how many of us are realizing every day what from a distance looked so bright, but how different is the real pleasure, when distance no longer mantles it, from the ideal pleasures whose pains it so artistically conceals, yet causes its joys to stand out in bold relief. It is well, perhaps, that imagination plays such an important part in our plans for the future, for if many of us could see our future in its true colors, life would be but a burden; but Fancy conceals the disagreeable, and brings out the pleasant of the future, so that, not until we reach that point which from a distance looked so bright, do we realize the flattering deception of distance. It has been said, "Memory's geese are always swans." It

might as truly be said, "Fancy's men are always heroes." So in looking forward to the future, it is not the failures of which we think, but the triumphs. We lift the veil of the future, and by the aid of imagination hear ourselves addressing a court; as we warm into our subject we see the judge and jury bathed in tears; but imagination never waits to ascertain the cause of the tears, or for the jury to bring in the verdict. We picture ourselves seated at the bedside of a patient, watching his life ebb way, but suddenly, by the administration of some stimulant, the patient revives, and bids fair to triumph over disease. Yet imagination never waits for the relapse. Fancy never spoils a bright picture by dwelling on it too long. Nor does distance deceive and enhance through memory and imagination alone, but through the eye and ear. The stars glittering from their dark background, mystify us by their mild light, while if we were near them their intense brilliancy would blind and terrify us. Their disagreeable feature, the glare of their light, is devoured by space, and only their mild lustre reaches us.

Standing near a mountain, we may be awed but never enchanted. There is nothing to enchant us. Here is a shattered tree, whose decayed trunk, if it could speak, would tell of fierce conflicts among the elements of nature. It in reality speaks in its own language of decay, by the monotonous hammer of the woodchuck upon its memberless trunk. There stands a shrub dwarfed by some gigantic rock whose bald head is here and there raised above the surface, rendering the scene more ghastly. The leaves of the shrub are drawn and eaten by insects, its branches ragged and worm eaten. In short, it seems but the battle-ground of the conflicting forces of nature. But how is it when we behold the same from a distance? A veil of blue is cast over the whole. It is no longer divided into tree, shrub, and rock, but viewing it as one mass, we exclaim, in rapture, Mountain! Mountain! Beholding the valley from some lofty mountain, how picturesque it looks. It seems fresh from the hand of some master landscape-gardener and ready for the brush of a Wilson; but when we reach

the valley we find that not one, but many have planned it. It is generally the case where, instead of one, many plan, and all independent of each other, that the main object of the plan is foiled; and while each style may be profitable, yet enchantment vanishes with distance.

Music owes its magic charm, to some extent, to distance. When we are near its source, it is often harsh, especially that of instruments. This is not always the case, but often there is discord by the best of performers. The different parts seem to confuse us. But when the sweet strains come to us wafted by the evening zephyrs, while the shadows of night shut out its source, it does not seem to be restricted to any place; all space seems to be pervaded by this mild soother of mankind. Need we wonder that the heart, which, amid the roar of artillery and the charge of cavalry, remains as firm as the bluff from which it views the carnage, melts beneath its benign influence? It is whispered from every shrub; even the flowerlets, freshening up with the evening dew, echo its soothing strains. The distant coo of a dove, as it is borne to us by a gentle breeze enriched by the echoes of the wood, breathes of love and sadness. But when we find the bird, and discover that whether sad or joyful it sings the same sad notes, our deeper sentiment vanishes, and we realize what a difference there is between the ideal and the real, or the difference between those objects over which distance throws her mantle of charity, and those which, having nothing to hide their deformities, come forth in their real characters.

H——F.

PUMPKIN HEADS.

A gentleman of our acquaintance has requested us to write an article on "Pumpkin Heads." This seems to us to be a very poor subject on which to write an article for a paper of such high standing as the *Messenger*, but at our friend's request we will attempt it. We feel like we can hardly do justice to our subject, as it is one in which we

are not very well versed, but if our friend will come around and let us examine his head for awhile, we feel like we can then handle our subject a little better.

In the first place, our subject divides itself into two heads--namely, pumpkins and heads. If our friend (or any one else interested in this subject) will consult Webster or Worcester, he will find satisfactory definitions to each of these words. However, lest these definitions may not be clear to some, we will make up a few of our own. A pumpkin is the fruit of a vine whose leaves are about as large as grape vines. Pumpkins have seeds in them which are called pumpkin seeds. There are green pumpkins and ripe pumpkins. The difference between them is that green pumpkins are not ripe, while ripe pumpkins are not green. Pumpkins are supposed to have neither reasoning powers, intellect, nor knowledge of right and wrong. This supposition may be, and in fact is, either right or wrong, but we will not express our opinion at present. Having given these few distinguishing peculiarities of pumpkins, we will now proceed to give equally as few or equally as many of heads.

A head is an object or a division of a discourse which either has brains or has them not. This definition may at first appear to be a little too general, so we will, after a few side remarks, proceed to restrict it further. One remarkable connection between the heads of a discourse and the head of its writer may be noticed—namely, if one contains no brains you will almost invariably find that the other is in the same fix. Examples of this relation may be seen in the writings and physical structure of our friend as well as in our own writings and physical structure. All men and animals, which have not been decapitated, possess one head apiece, unless by a singular freak of nature they have been endowed with two or more. All these heads possess brains in various quantities and quality. This variation of quantity and quality is more perceptible in men than in animals. The force of this remark will become apparent when we compare the vast amount of brains of superior quality contained in our

friend's head with the paltry, insignificant contents of our own. Another class of heads—one, however, with which we are not immediately concerned,—is that comprising heads of cabbage, of beds, of streams, of dinner-tables, of conspiracies, of discourses, &c. These heads—except, possibly, those of conspiracies,—are almost universally regarded as brainless. We are inclined to concur in this belief. Having thus briefly noticed these two divisions of our subject separately and in detail, we will wind up by noticing them very briefly *tout ensemble.*

The two words "pumpkin heads," when taken together, acquire a slightly modified meaning. A pumpkin head is not a head whose sole and total ingredient is pumpkin, as, for example, a head of cabbage, whose sole and total ingredient is cabbage; but it is, generally speaking, a human head which, from comparison to a pumpkin, has come to be called a pumpkin head. A pumpkin somewhat resembles the human head in shape and size—more, at least, than a wheelbarrow or a gimlet does. In addition to this, the pnmpkin is, in this expression, symbolical of what is stupid or senseless. Moreover, the impression prevails that a pumpkin is brainless, and consequently the expression is applied to a head which is brainless, or nearly so—one in which no ideas originate and from the voids of which no thoughts proceed which are calculated to astonish the world with their wisdom. The expression, therefore, is almost synonymous with "blockhead"—an expression whose origin is somewhat similar to that of the expression in question. For examples of pumpkin heads, we refer you to our friend and ourself.

Note.—We have suppressed our friend's name because he, being an imaginative, imaginable, and imaginary person, might imagine himself insulted by this article and call us to account for it. Our friend being imaginary, as we have said, it would be presumption on the part of any one to consider this as a reflection upon himself, and therefore if any one takes offence at it, it will indicate that he considers these remarks appropriate to himself. Q. E. D.

At a meeting of Beta Chapter of Phi Alpha Chi Fraternity, the following resolutions were read and unanimously adopted:

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God, in his wise providence, to take from our midst our highly-esteemed and much-beloved brother, E. D. REAMS; therefore, be it

Resolved, 1. That we have lost in his death a zealous brother, one who was always kind and brotherly towards us all, and an earnest Christian.

2. That we bow submissively to the will of our heavenly Father in our affliction, and thank Him that He has seen fit to prepare our brother to meet death before taking him away.

3. That the members of Beta Chapter wear mourning for thirty days in token of their grief.

4 That we extend to his parents, relatives, and friends our heartfelt sympathy in their affliction.

5. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family.

6. That these resolutions be published in the *Richmond College Messenger*, and be put upon the minutes of our Chapter.

W. J. H. BOHANNAN,
W. C. ROBINSON,
F. L. A. WILSON,
Committee.

PHILOLOGIAN HALL,
May 9, 1884.

Whereas it has pleased an omniscient God to remove from earth our beloved companion and colaborer E. D. REAMS; therefore, be it

Resolved. 1. That in his death the Philologian Society has lost a zealous member, one who ever had the interest of his Society at heart, and who by his untiring energy reflected honor not only upon himself, but also upon his Society.

2. That Richmond College has lost a faithful student, one who was brilliant, and gave promise of bearing away some of its highest honors.

3. That while we are sorely grieved at his death, yet we would bow in humble submission to Him who directeth all things, and rejoice in the hope that our brother has left us to join the celestial chorus.

4. That we extend our deepest sympathy to the family and friends of our brother.

5. That these resolutions be printed in the *Richmond College Messenger*, also that they be recorded in the minutes of our Society, and a copy sent to the bereaved family.

R. C. HUBBARD,
W. B. HAISLIP,
J. W. MITCHELL,
Committee.

RICHMOND COLLEGE,
May 8, 1884.

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in his infinite wisdom to remove from earth our beloved brother and fellow-student E. D. REAMS; therefore, be it

Resolved, 1. That in his death, we, the students of Richmond College, realize the loss of a friend who was ever kind and faithful to those around him.

2. That inasmuch as we believe that he was a devout Christian man, we feel assured that his spirit is now resting in peace with God who gave it and with Christ who redeemed it, free from the trials and temptations of a sinful world.

3. That we extend our deepest sympathy to the family of our brother in their sore bereavement.

4. That in this dispensation of God's providence we recognize Him as the one who ordereth all things for the best.

R. C. HUBBARD,
J. L. KING,
W. B. HAISLIP,
Committee.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

It is with many misgivings that we "step into the shoes" of our predecessors, and as we have never borne such weighty honors before, we beg our readers not to look with too critical an eye upon our defects.

Just here the present corps beg leave to offer a vote of thanks to the disinfecting and repairing committee, appointed by the former corps, for the noble and thorough manner in which they have discharged their work, thereby saving the present staff great labor and expense.

Notwithstanding what the retiring corps may say about its being the fault of the printers that the *Messenger* is so behindhand this session, we, who have just stepped behind the curtain, know that these gentlemen let *Time* give them the slip while they were at work upon the above-mentioned *shoes*, but we are ready to forgive these gentlemen, since they greatly increased the walking capacity of

the *shoes*, and we are thereby in hopes of overtaking the "*Old gentleman*" before next fall.

The tenth biblical lecture of the course was delivered by Rev. Peyton Hoge, of Richmond, and was, we hear, a very interesting one; but, much to our regret, we were not present, as we did not see the notice in time. So the readers of the *Messenger* will have to forego the pleasure of reading a sketch of the lecture.

On Tuesday evening, May 15th, the public contest for the "Steel" medal took place. About eighteen or twenty contestants entered the arena and read their best, but only five were fortunate enough to return for a second trial, and of these five, the faculty adjudged Mr. E. B. Pollard, of Richmond, the best.

The contest took place in the chapel of the college, and not in one of the society halls, as has heretofore been the custom; because the society halls were undergoing repairs, and not in a condition to receive visitors.

The chapel being not very full, although a good many visitors (among whom were many of the fair sex) were present, the readers were somewhat annoyed by the reverberation.

The "Grand Stand"—*i. e.*, the college tower—is alternately deserted and crowded with the lovers of base-ball, as they collect to witness the games in the Virginias' park. They may be seen perched upon the cornice, or gazing from the windows and "bulls' eyes" of this elevation. (Be it known to all unacquainted with our "Grand Stand" that the "bulls' eyes" are the small, round windows in the top of the tower.) Some of the more ardent, who possessed a firm footing and a steady head, even ventured, at the risk of life and limb, to crawl out through a window

in the fourth floor of the tower and up the Mansard roof to the top of the college, and thus get a better view of the game. Many possessed the former qualification to perfection; as to the latter—well, we are not the fighting editor so often alluded to in these pages, so will say nothing about the subject. But the enjoyment of these daring souls was of short duration, for when the chairman of the Faculty heard of these proceedings he placed his veto upon them, as climbing up the roof loosened the slate. He further issued an edict that whoever should go out upon the roof again, or should remove a "bull's eye," should forfeit the whole of his contingent deposit. What attracted his attention to the matter, was the breaking of one of the above-mentioned "bull's eyes" by some unfortunate unknown.

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Varied are the amusements of the students of Richmond College this spring. Besides the old stand-bys, ball and croquet, there is the view of the championship games from the "Grand Stand" for those who have the spring fever; lawn-tennis for those who haven't the fever yet, but are threatened with it; and lastly, there is the gymnasium for the athlete; but this last-named place has looked very empty since the beginning of the warm weather. Those who indulge in the amusement of lawn-tennis, have staked their net in the extreme southwest corner of the campus, where they are protected from the heat of the evening sun by the large shade-trees in that quarter, but not from the *flies* batted by the lovers of the old stand-by, ball.

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Since the "jollification" will take place on the night of the day appointed for the final examination in Senior Philosophy, and as several members of that class have important parts in the performance that night; and furthermore, since the Professor of Philosophy generally "puts up" examinations of such a nature that whoever gets out by supper-time may consider himself fortunate: a meet-

ing of the students was called to decide whether to have this amusing entertainment or not. After much debating, it was decided to appoint a committee of five to wait upon the Professor and endeavor to persuade him to change the date of his examination.

We have not heard the result of the efforts of this committee; so cannot say if we may expect to have any fun this commencement.

The visitors of the museum will no longer disturb Miss Mummy's slumbers by the noise of their foot-falls upon the bare floor; for it is being covered with a pretty oil-cloth.

The Mu Sigma Rho and Philologian society halls have been much improved under the hand of the plasterer and painter since the societies adjourned for the session, only the cornices look rather too much like a rainbow, if we may be allowed to express our humble opinion.

We also understand that some pretty pictures have been purchased to decorate the walls.

Make haste, boys, and read your fill, for the library closes on the 12th of June.

LOCALS.

Say! Come out and let me pitch you a curve.

Did you see that in-shoot?

No: That ball didn't deviate from the path of rectitude one inch.

Prof.: "Mr. J., who was the greatest of the Roman philosophers?"

Mr. J.: "Socrates? No; I believe he was an ethiopian."

The following conversation took place, not long since, between two students from the country, which clearly elucidates a very interesting, and hitherto a very obscure, point in natural history; only one is in doubt as to which of these great men to follow. But to the point:

The question was brought up, in the presence of Mr. L., Sr., concerning the nature of the animal *corn-beef*. This gentleman was of the opinion that it was "beef cooked with turnips."

Mr. R. here spoke up and said that he believed no such doctrine as that, and for his part he was thoroughly convinced that it was "beef fed on corn."

Now, which of these noted gentlemen are we to believe? Who can tell?

Prof. (addressing himself to the class): "Do any of you remember the year of Washington's birth?"

Mr. K. (to his next neighbor): "The 4th of February."

What a pity it is he did not speak louder: he might have gotten a V.

One evening this spring, Messrs. L and B. were indul-

ging in a stroll down the railroad track. L. was whistling, when suddenly B. cried—

"Stop! stop! Don't whistle!"

"What is the matter?" demanded L.

"Don't you see that sign?" replied B., pointing to the notice, "Do not whistle below this point".

"Well, what has that got to do with my whistling?" asked L.

"Oh," said B., "I reckon whistling affects the telegraph wires."

And they walked on.

The other day, there was seen on the door of Mr. L., Jr., a notice headed with the word *Jentlemen.*

I am told that this gentleman is in favor of phonetic spelling.

About eight months ago a "rat" walked into Pizzini's. After looking around for several minutes, he summed up courage enough to approach the counter and ask, "Do you keep candy here?"

But he knows better now.

Three Senior Math. men were guessing what kind of questions would be asked them on their "oral."

"Oh," said the first, "he will ask how many yards are in a mile, or something of a similar nature."

"Well," said the second, "if he were to ask how many leagues are in a furlong, I don't believe you could tell him.

"I could," broke in the third, "there are two and two-thirds, of course."

Is that the way they count up there, F.? I have always heard that the facts of Senior Math. are a little difficult to understand.

Prof.: "Mr. O., do you know anything about Tarsus?"

"Mr. O.: "It is the place where Jonah took ship when he ran away."

Mr. J. says when he first came to college he heard the boys talking about math., and he says he was very much puzzled to know what it was; thought it was a primary course in theology.

Mr. J. was also right much bothered to know what to do with the two envelopes that came with the final tickets. He is said to have tried to put one side of the ticket in one envelope and the other in the other, and then wanted to know if he must leave the envelopes open.

Mr. B. expressed his admiration of Mr. S.'s mental powers in the following words: "I'll bet on S. every time, for he never forgets what he remembers."

THE RAT.—The rat is a very interesting animal.

There are two kinds of rats, the first runs on all his feet, but the second only runs on two when he runs at all.

The first is of a mouse color; the second, on the other hand, is generally green.

The one likes bacon and cheese, and may be caught by baiting a trap with one of these articles; the other likes calico, and is generally caught, too, but never having had any experience in that kind of trapping, we are unable to give a receipt.

The first alwsys remains a rat, but the second not unfrequently changes into a "dude."

Thus we see that there is great similarity between these two species of rats.

The other day, in chemistry, Mr. H. described a certain gas thus: "It is," he said, "coluble, soluble, invisible, and can't be seen."

PERSONALS.

Rev. Mr. Hanks, an old student of this college, now pastor of a Baptist church in Dallas, Texas, paid his respects to his *alma mater* on his way homeward from convention. We were glad to welcome him back.

Two of the Richmond churches lately enjoyed the pleasure each of hearing a good sermon from one of our old students, Rev. C. S. Gardner, a student this session at the Seminary. We heard very fine reports of him.

Waverly Snead, 1882–3, is farming in Fluvanna. At his present speed, we expect him soon to make a fortune and buy out the county.

Nottoway still clings to the glory of being the home of our illustrious "Solomon," W. B. Foster, of 1881–2.

"Jeff" Settle walked in upon the students on the 10th instant, which fact added greatly to their surprise and joy. It seems that every student, as soon as he leaves college, feels it his duty to hide the lower extremity of his face in the usual fashion, and then report back to college. We congratulate the above gentleman.

W. J. E. Cox and W. G. Hix, former students, reported promptly at college, on their return from the Seminary, clad in big dykes and with joyful countenances. College is expecting big things of them. The former expects to be ordained next Sunday (June 15th).

A. McIver Bostick is at his home, at Barnwell Courthouse, S. C. We hear that he expects to return next session.

EXCHANGES.

Yes, they tell us we are "Exchange Editor," whereupon we respectfully and hurriedly pull off our coat, roll up our sleeves, lay aside our beaver and cane, take down the gun, rake out the carving knife, slam the door, land in the big chair, sling our feet over the railing, light our cigar, twist our mustache, look furious, and turn our savage attention to the pile before us. So now be careful.

We certainly can see nothing disagreeable to say about the *Chimes*. Its matter is very instructive and varied.

The *Ariel*, of the University of Minnesota, is a very substantial and well-printed paper. It is one of the handsomest of our exchanges.

The *Signet* opens with an article on "The Church and Education," in which it sets forth that the Church is not created for the sole aim of giving the gospel to every creature, but that it must be ready for every good word and work, and that one of its labors should be to spread and promote education, etc. We appreciate the general idea the writer had in view. We agree that education is one of the duties of mankind, but we think he puts it a little too strong when he lays this down as the duty of the Church. It may be proper for individuals to do all in their power to promote education, but we hardly think that it comes within the sphere of the Church as a Christian body to take steps in that direction. Men are morally and honorably bound to do things which the Church should not do. But we do not wish to find fault; we only think the writer presses his point a little too far.

The *King's College Record* contains a very striking and important editorial on the danger of hurrying through with education; that we should not seek a mere smattering, general knowledge, but should select certain subjects and master them. We heartily endorse its sentiments. We looked in vain for some "Locals."

As we pick up the *Wilmington Collegian*, we are bewildered at its flaming advertisements, but we soon find ourselves

in the midst of some very profitable reading, particularly the article on the "University Tendency in Education."

Here comes the *Clarion*, and surely an admirable paper it is. It contains twenty-three pages alone devoted to spicy and interesting articles. The "Extracts from Diary of a Girl" are curious specimens, and them's the kind we like.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the first edition of the new paper edited by the young ladies of Gordonsville College, Va. We greet it upon the threshold of its career, and tender our best wishes for its long and continued prosperity. May she have a triumphant voyage.

Well, now, what information has the *Earlhamite* to impart? Its opening article, on "The Relation of Intellectual Culture to Christian Religion," certainly betrays careful thought and varied information. The paper deals profusely in "Locals" and "Personals," but its columns do not allow themselves to be annoyed by the insignificant matter of trifling with "Exchanges."

The opening article of the *Fisk Herald*, entitled "Our Boasted Civilization," reminds us of a sky-rocket. It started off with a boom and grandeur that almost made us dizzy. We were dazzled and charmed; but suddenly its glory began to vanish, and before we knew it, we were wandering about in the technicalities of the "Cincinnati Riot." Such sudden excursions are dangerous and disappointing. Its articles on "Intemperance," and "College and Professional Courses of Study," are very good, and, with the exception of that sad and eventful trip, we enjoyed exceedingly reading the paper.